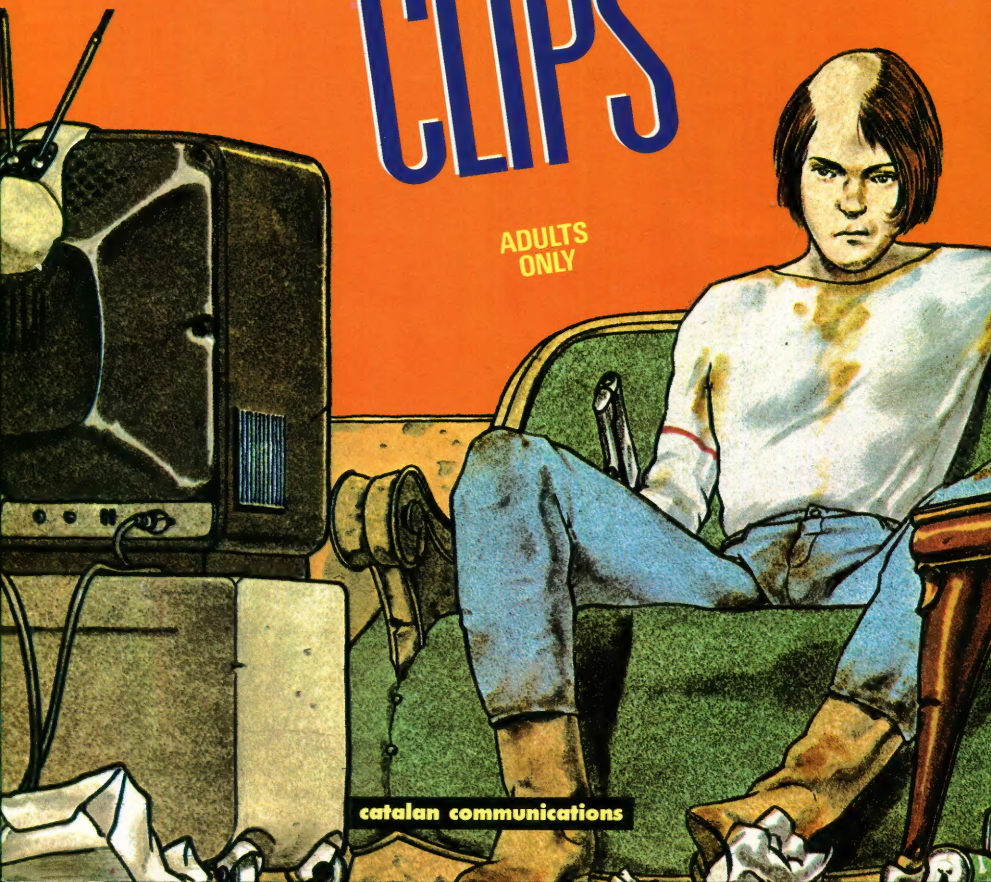
LIBERATORE

VIDEO CLIPS

ADULTS ONLY



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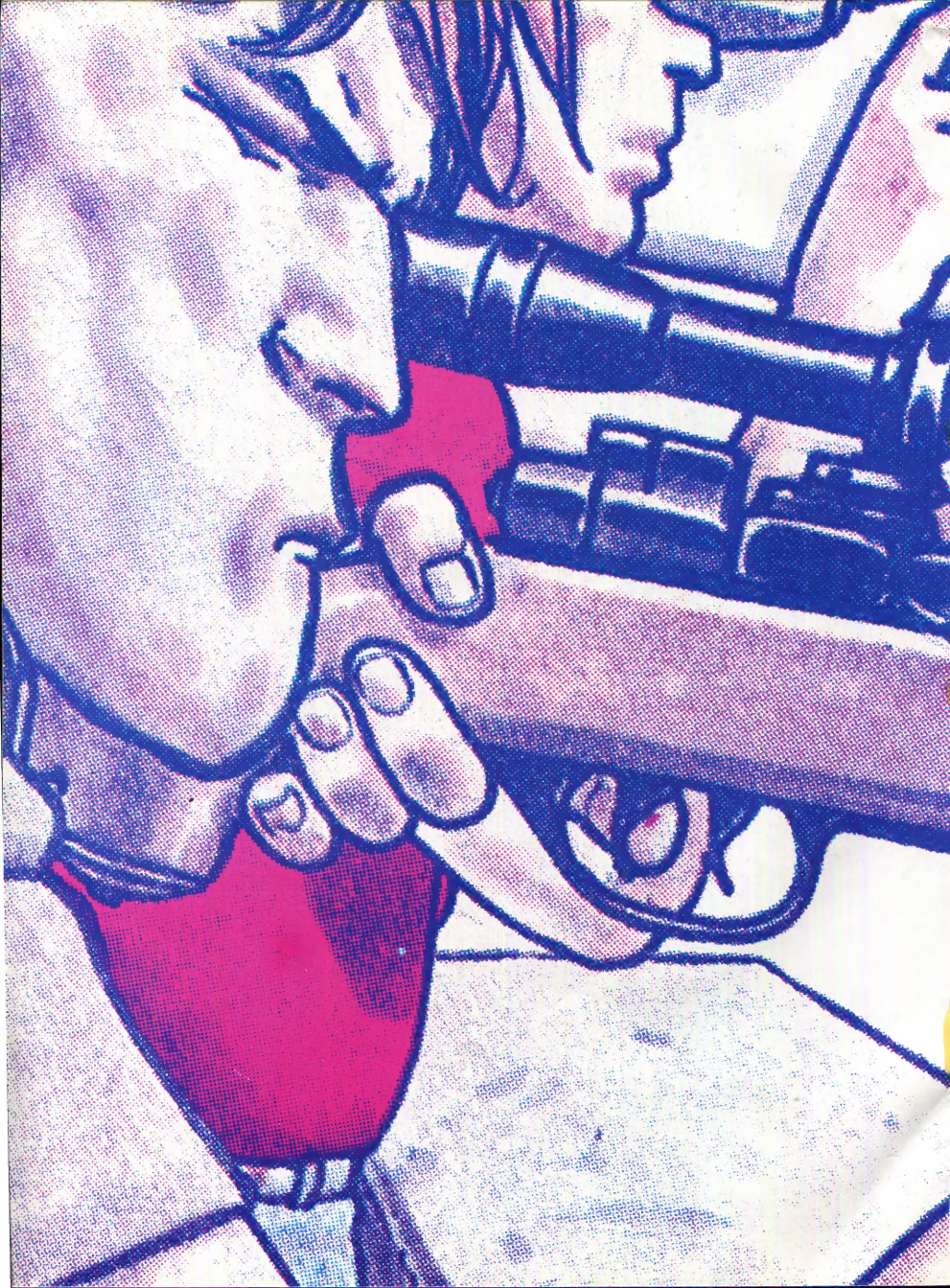

LIBERATORE

VIDEO CLIPS

REAL VISION
Gaetano Liberatore

EARTH VERSUS SATURN
Stefano Tamburini

E.M.P.S.
Stefano Tamburini

SHUT-IN
Bruce Jones

BOLOLY FOLLY
Stefano Tamburini

WATCH OUT FOR HOT FLASHES
G. Setbon

TIAMOTTI
Stefano Tamburini

VIDEO–CLIPS
Illustrated by Gaetano Liberatore
Stories by Bruce Jones, Stefano Tamburini,
G. Setbon and Gaetano Liberatore.
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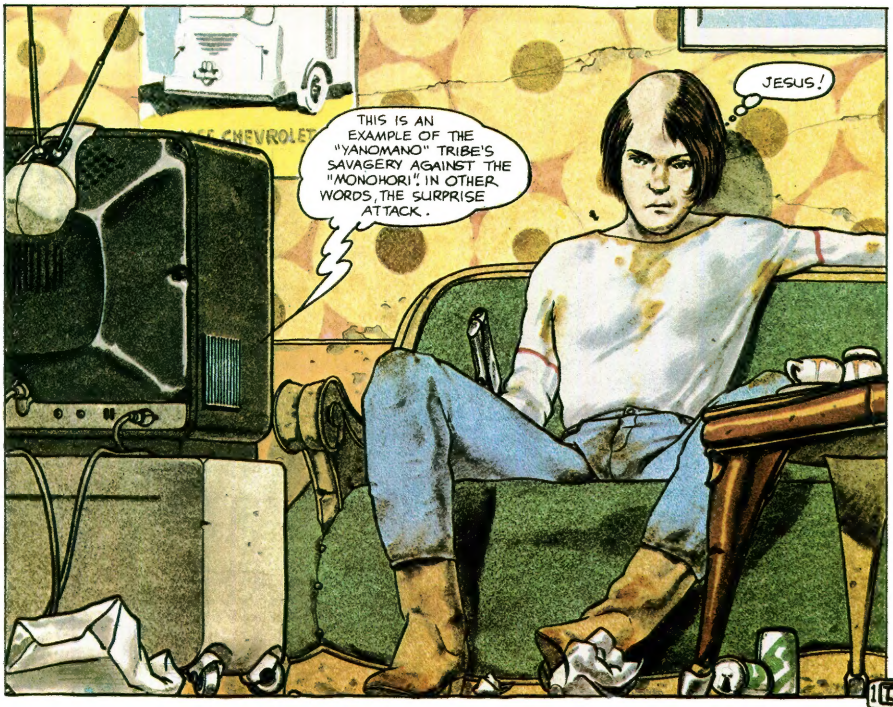
REAL VISION


CHEVROLET
THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE "YANOMANO" TRIBE'S SAVAGERY AGAINST THE "MONOHORI". IN OTHER WORDS, THE SURPRISE ATTACK.
JESUS!

SEE, YA OLD SOW, THAT'S HOW YOUR KIND PLUGS PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND THAT ASSHOLE GIRL OF YOURS!
WHATCHA TALKIN' THAT WAY FOR! YOUR JUST A LITTLE KID ALMOST.
SIGH!
KID! KID! THE FUCK!
I TOLD YA TO STOP YOUR FUCKIN' SQUEALIN'. THAT'S IT!
TLACK!
SO NOW I'M GONNA STICK YOUR FAT ASS, DIG?
YAAII!
TUMD!

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM ON THE AMAZON TRIBES FOR A SPECIAL BULLETIN. A MADMAN JUST CALLED THE STATION, AND WE'RE NOW LIVE FROM THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

WE DON'T YET KNOW THE EXACT NUMBER OF HOSTAGES OR THE REASON BEHIND THIS INSANE ACT...
FINALLY... TOOK 'EM LONG ENOUGH, THE BASTARDS!
MOMMY! MOMMY!

HEY, D'YOU HEAR ME? TELL US WHAT YOU WANT, AND LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH! BE REASONABLE AND EVERYTHING'LL WORK OUT, O.K.? YOU'VE GOT 5 MINUTES TO THINK IT OVER...

JUST MY LUCK. I SHOULD BE LAYIN' A BLACK CHICK TONIGHT!
EVERYONE AT THEIR STATIONS, AND YOU CAMERAMEN, DON'T BUG US!
COME ON! THIS IS GONNA BE ONE WILD SHOW!
KEEP BACK!

THIS DRAMATIC SITUATION HERE STILL REMAINS UNEXPLAINED. WHETHER HE'S PLAIN CRAZY OR A PATHOLOGICAL LIAR, THE MAN HAS YET TO MAKE ANY DEMANDS. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HE WANTS, BUT THE POLICE HAVE DEPLOYED THEIR SPECIAL TACTICS SQUAD. WE CAN'T GIVE UP HOPE!
TVC

PAW!

YOU CAN STICK YOUR 5 MINUTES UP YOUR ASS!
THE DRAMATIC IMPACT OF THESE PICTURES MAKES ANY COMMENTARY UNNECESSARY ... BUT... THE MADMAN IS ON THE WINDOW SILL. HE'S SHOUTING... WE CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT HE'S SAYING!

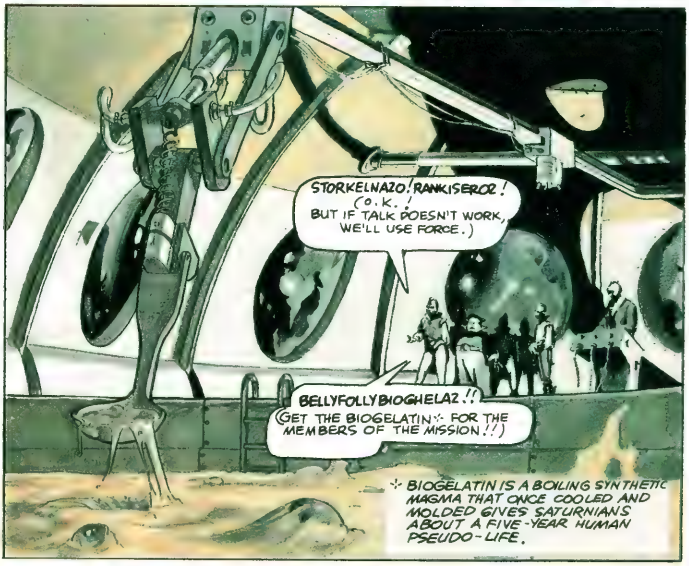
FILTER
THE END

EARTH
VERSUS
SATURN
ON SATURN, THERE IS CURIOSITY AND EXCITEMENT FOR THE OFFICERS GATHERED IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE OBSERVATORY, WHERE THEY VIEW A SCREENING OF IMAGES FROM EARTH (1)
(1) THE MOVIE "THE SINGAPORE TRUNK" STARRING CLARK GABLE AND JEAN HARLOW.

SPEK CANAAN BARTOLI!!
(TRANSLATION: HEY, DID YOU SEE THOSE STUPID EARTHLINGS? THEY DON'T DESERVE TO GOVERN THEMSELVES.! LET'S INVADE EARTH: WE NEED SLAVES FOR OUR URANIUM MINES.!!)
EOVERO!
(TRANSLATION: THAT'S FOR SURE!)

GUACK & SBARAQUAK
(NO WAY! FIRST WE SHOULD COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!)
BAUBAUBEBI-ORRO
(WE'LL SEND THEM A DELEGATION FOR-HIGH LEVEL TALKS AND WE'LL SEE.!)
MAMBOTIRAMBOEARS, KEDUMARRON!!
(BY THE THREE EARS OF NEPTUNE! WHAT A CROCK OF SHIT...!)

FLEBO, THE EVIL PRIME-MINISTER OF THE EMPIRE OF SATURN IS IN FAVOR OF INVADING AND ENSLAVING EARTH, BUT HE GIVES IN TO REBEK, ONE OF THE BIG SHOTS IN THE GALACTIC COOPERATION SOCIETY, A VERY INFLUENTIAL NEUTRAL PEACE ORGANIZATION. FLEBO DECIDES TO GIVE IN UNTIL THE ELECTIONS TO TZEPS FROM THEN.


STORKELNAZO! RANKISEROR!
(O.K.! BUT IF TALK DOESN'T WORK, WE'LL USE FORCE.)
BELLYFOLLY BIOGHELAZ!!
(GET THE BIOGELATIN* FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION.!!)
* BIOGELATIN IS A BOILING SYNTHETIC MAGMA THAT ONCE COOLED AND MOLDED GIVES SATURNIANS ABOUT A FIVE-YEAR HUMAN PSEUDO-LIFE.

THE BIOGELATIN IS POURED INTO HUMANOID MOLDS...
TEKINGTAIGERMAUNTAIN (WE'LL GIVE HUMAN FORMS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION!)
CONAD! (THAT WAY WE'LL BE MORE BELIEVABLE!)
AH! BUGHIBOI! (AH! AH! THEY'RE PERFECT!!!)
SPLIT ENZ! (TAKE THEM TO THE SPACE SHIP AND START THE COUNT-DOWN!)
... TEN, NINE, EIGHT...
...THREE, TWO, ONE...
ZERO!
GROGGY!! (I'LL GET YOU, YOU FUCKING EARTH!!)

AT THE SAME TIME IN A CAFE NEAR NAPLES...
HEY LOOK, GINO, A SHOOTING STAR!!!
GINO?!
WHAT?
A SHOOTING STAR!!!
YEAH!
GOTTA TAKE A PISS!
GO ON, I'LL ORDER ANOTHER BOTTLE!
OH, COME BACK JOHNNY, JOHNNY BE GOOD...
FAST
BILUBILU BILUZ NEDER NEDERLAI!!
WHAT?
?
PERPLEXIUA ? BEBI IUCHEN DRAIV MAI CAR !

GO SEE WHAT THOSE GUYS WANT!
GET A LOOK AT THOSE BROADS!
BILBAOTAZEBAOK! (I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A THING! CALL THE BASE.)

!FIX- TCENTCEN!!!
(BASE SATURN HERE! USE THE SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATORS, BIO-IDIOTS)!!!

:GRRRRIP:- WE FRIENDS! WE HELP YOU! NO BURN TO DEATH IF YOU SMART AND LET BE COLONIZED!
YOU'LL HAVE TO TALK TO THE BOSS!
BLUAa:

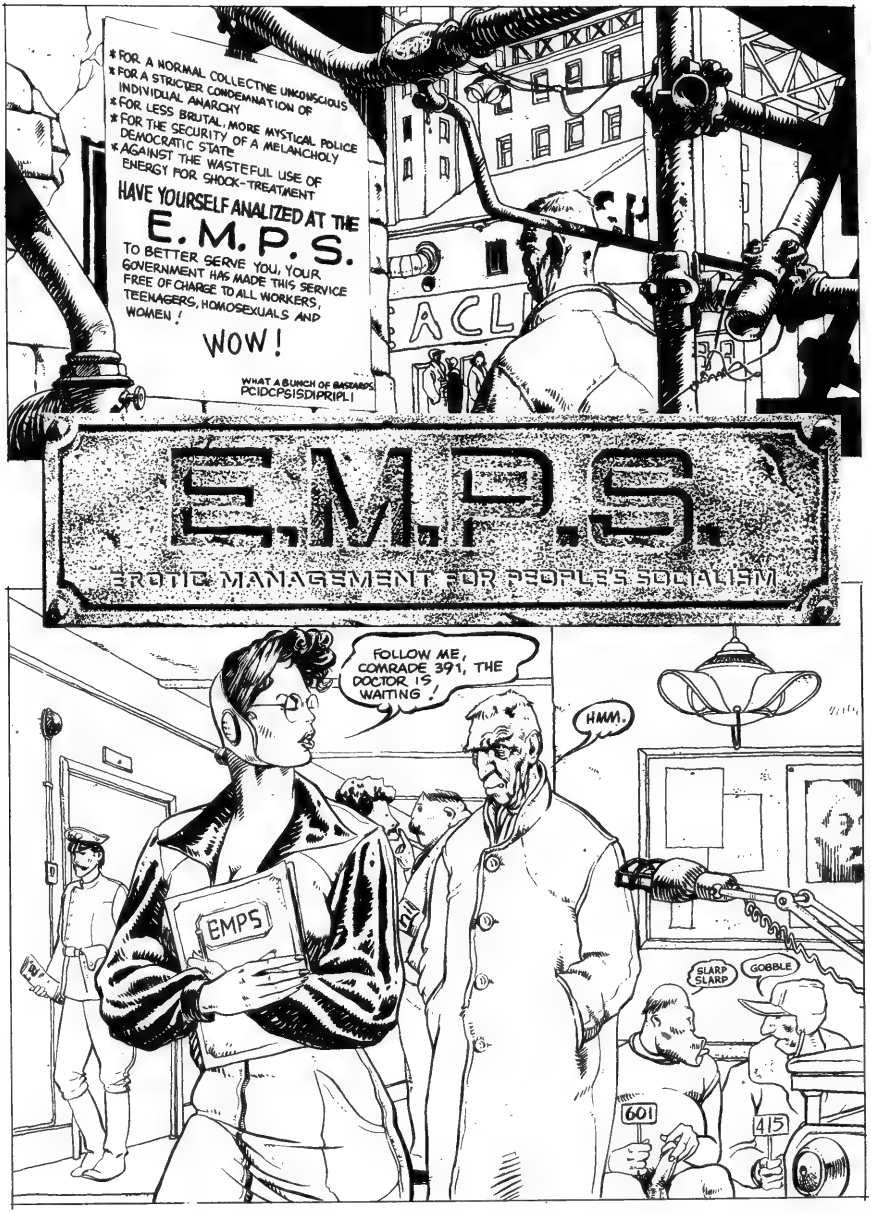
YOU BOSS OF EARTH ? YOU POWER TO CONDUCT TALKS? WE FRIENDS !
WHATCHA WANT ? CAN'T YA SEE I'M BUSY ?
JEEZ ! I'M GONNA CROAK !
AND WHAT'LL YOU ALL HAVE ?
WE FRIENDS ! NO INTERESTED BURN UP ALL YOU ! YOU UNDERSTAND ?
SHIIIT ! WHAT A BOD ON THAT CHICK !
HI, HOT ASS !
YOU HI ME ! YOU WANT GET SATURN ? SO, THAT EARTHLING COMMUNICATION SIGN, HUH ?
ME, TOO, DO LIKE THAT !!... HIHOTASS !

YOU PLAYIN' WITH MY ASS? WHY DONTCHA PLAY WITH THIS!!
HEY, ARTURO!!
AND YOU NO HI ME HIHOTASS???
LIKEGHAT, HUH, LIKEGHAT?
YOU CUNT! I'LL TEACH YA TO PUT YOUR PAWS ON MY GUY!
?
HIHOTASS!
YA FAGGOT!!
STOK

ONE THING FOLLOWS ANOTHER AND...
BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! THE EARTHLINGS AREN'T COOPERATING!!
BURN THEM !!!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
RIGHT?

FOZ
FOZ
SHIT! THEY AIN'T KIDDIN'!
ME NEITHER
FOZ
ZOK!
STRONK

THE SATURNIANS ARE TRAPPED....
AND NOW LET'S BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF 'EM !!!
WHO'S BEATIN' THE SHIT OUTTA WHO ?
AH AH
THE INVASION HAD STARTED...
END OF PART ONE...

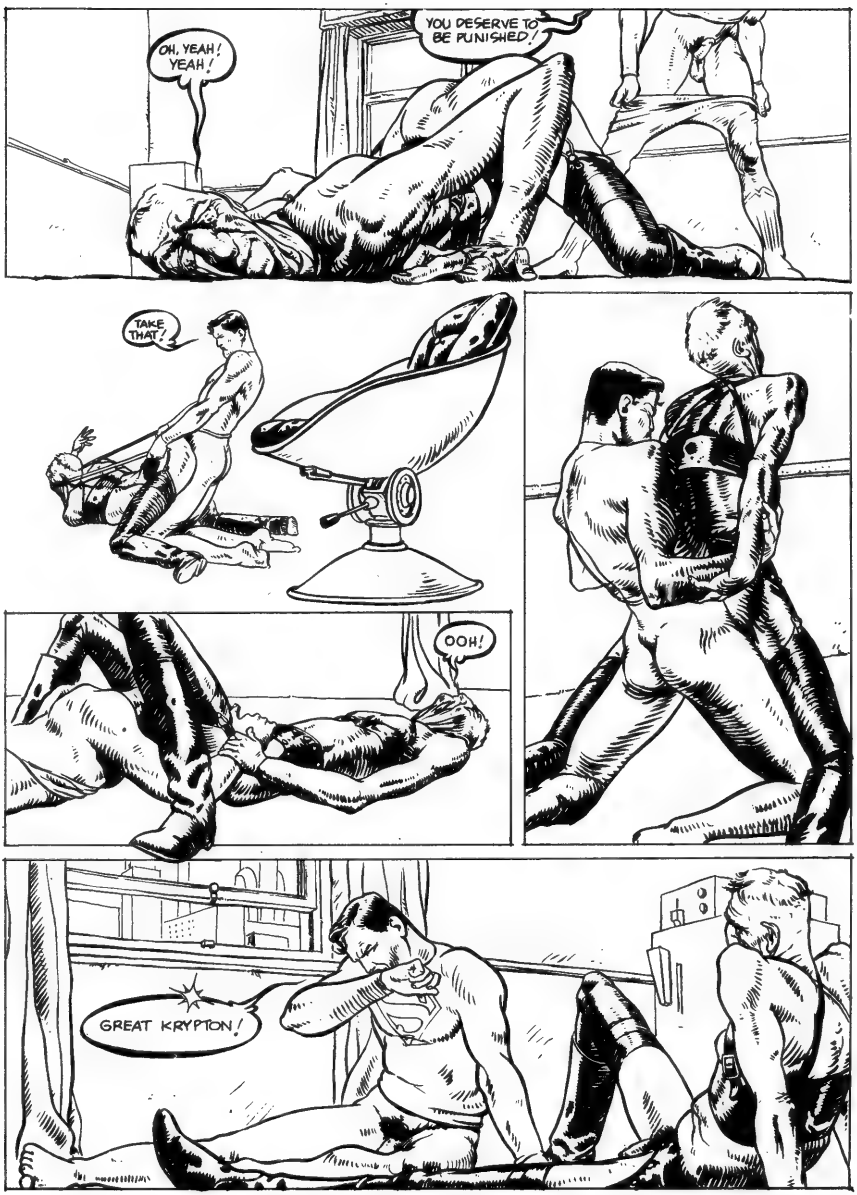

* FOR A NORMAL COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS
* FOR A STRICTER CONDEMNATION OF INDIVIDUAL ANARCHY
* FOR LESS BRUTAL, MORE MYSTICAL POLICE
* FOR THE SECURITY OF A MELANCHOLY DEMOCRATIC STATE
* AGAINST THE WASTEFUL USE OF ENERGY FOR SHOCK-TREATMENT
HAVE YOURSELF ANALIZED AT THE
E.M.P.S.
TO BETTER SERVE YOU, YOUR GOVERNMENT HAS MADE THIS SERVICE FREE OF CHARGE TO ALL WORKERS, TEENAGERS, HOMOSEXUALS AND WOMEN!
WOW!
WHAT A BUNCH OF BASTARDS
PCIDCPSISDIPRIPL!
E.M.P.S.
EROTIC MANAGEMENT FOR PEOPLE'S SOCIALISM
FOLLOW ME, COMRADE 391, THE DOCTOR IS WAITING!
HMM.
EMPS
SLARP SLARP
GOBBLE
601
415

SPLENDID MORNING, COMRADE 391 /
'DID MORNING /
RELAX AND TELL ME EVERYTHING, COMRADE 391 /
O.K., SHRINK! MY PROBLEM'S WITH SEX /
MH.
THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE INTRODUCED
THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE IMPLANTED
MANIFESTO - MARX/ENGELS
IN THE OLD DAYS I COULD FUCK
CENSORED
E. M. P. S.
CASE 391
AND EVEN WITH DEAD PEOPLE /

* HE'S A STALINIST-REICHIAN

THIS IS A BORDERLINE CASE! A BIO-ENERGETIC CHRONIC STASIS SHOULD BE PROVOKED, A MORAL NORMALIZATION FORCED ...
WITH THE HELP OF A McFINNEY 1981 BROMIDE THERAPY...
NO! NOT THE McFINNEY BROMIDE! NEVER!
SSSSFFSSSKOK!
YAOOW!
DIRTY BOLSHEVIK CASTRATOR!
I'LL SHOW YOU, YA SHIT-HEAD SHRINK!

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME INTO SOME DUCK-BILLED LIMP-DICK!
SKRIEZZ!
STUND!
AH! HA! YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE UP AGAINST!
OH YEAH!
BY THE RINGS OF SATURN! YOU DARE REBEL AGAINST SUPER-ME YOU RETARD?
SPAT!
YAWK!


OH, YEAH! YEAH!
YOU DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED!
TAKE THAT!
OOH!
GREAT KRYPTON!

SHIT, I'M WORN OUT, COMRADE 391, WORN OUT, BEAT... YOU DON'T REALIZE HOW FED UP I AM... ALL THOSE PSYCHOPATHS WHO COME TO SEE ME... A HERD OF SPINELESS SHEEP... ASSHOLES WITH GOEBBELS SYNDROME, DEPRESSED MANIACS, PARANOIDS OFF-THE-DEEP-END... NOT TO MENTION ALL THOSE SCHIZOPHRENICS WHO THINK THEY'RE LINDA LOVELACE... PLAYING FATHER TO THIS ONE... MOTHER TO THAT ONE... JEEZ...
AND THAT BASTARD PERRY WHITE, ALWAYS GIVING ME ORDERS... AND LOIS LANE, THAT CUNT DOESN'T KNOW I EXIST WHEN I'M CLARK KENT AND I DON'T EVEN GET TO FUCK HER WHEN I'M SUPERMAN...
CUNT!
SHIT...

DOCUMENTS FOR STORY STOLEN FROM E.M.P.S. ARCHIVES BY STEFANO TAMBURINI AND GAETANO LIBERATORE WITH THE HELP OF COMRADE 391.

SHUT-IN
... NOW, THERE'S LEMONADE IN THE REFRIGERATOR AND SOME CHERRY PIE ON THE COUNTER, MARY ANN... PLEASE HELP YOURSELF TO ANYTHING YOU LIKE. I'VE LEFT THE PHONE NUMBER OF THE PEOPLE I'LL BE VISITING TONIGHT IN THE HALL.
DON'T FUSS OVER MR. BARTLETT, HE'LL BE FINE UNTIL I GET BACK ... AROUNT TWELVE-THIRTY OR SO.
YES, MRS. BARTLETT.
G'NIGHT, DARLING! I'LL BRING YOU SOME NICE BUTTER-BRICKLE ICE CREAM FROM THE DELI!
G'NIGHT, MARY ANN.
G'NIGHT, MA'AM.
WELL... IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, GRAMPS.
... AND A TON OF HOMEWORK.

CRAP! I'LL NEVER GET THIS GODDAMN ALGEBRA...
DING DONG
HI, DOLL! HOW'S THE BIGGEST SET OF KNOCKERS IN MAYWOOD?
K
KENNY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?
LOOK, I GOTTA FINAL TOMORROW ...
SO WHAT? YOU'LL JUST FLUNK IT AGAIN
ANYWAY, THEY GOT ANY JUNK TO EAT AROUND HERE? I'M STARVED!
YOU'RE ALWAYS STARVED!
REALLY, I'VE GOT TO STUDY!
YEAH, YEAH, SURE...
WHO'S THE GIMP GLUED TO THE TUBE?
THAT'S WHO I'M SITTING FOR: MR. BARTLETT. HES TOTALLY PARALYZED -- STROKE OR SOMETHING. HE CAN'T TALK OR HEAR. I'M NOT SURE HE CAN SEE...
WHAT A BUMMER...
HEY! GET A LOAD OF THE WATER BED! HOT DAMN!
EEE-HAH!
KENNY! CUT IT OUT! YOU'LL PUNCTURE THAT THING!
I EVER SHOW YOU MY DOUBLE BACK FLIP ON THE TRAMPOLINE?
SPONG!
SPONG!
2

STOP IT, YOU IDIOT. (GIGGLE-GIGGLE!)
C'MON, DOLL! LET'S MAKE SOME WAVES!
OH, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE.
...M-M-M..
YOU GET STRIPPED... I'LL KNOCK DOWN THE LIGHTS IN THE LIVING ROOM!
WELL... I SUPPOSE IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF YOU...
ZIP!
SQUEE...SQUEE...
...SQUEE...
...SQUEE...
MR. BARTLETT?
...SQUEE...
SQUEE

HA-HA-HA! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!
DAMN YOU, KENNY!
I OUGHTA CUT YOU OFF FOR THAT!
AW, C'MON DOLL... DON'T BE GRIM! IT WAS FUNNY!
NOT IN FRONT OF HIM, YOU JERK!
WHY NOT? HE AIN'T GONNA TELL! BESIDES, YOU SAID HE COULDN'T SEE ANYWAY...
NO, I SAID HE MIGHT NOT--M-M-M... I...M-M-M...
OH, KENNY... (GASP!)... M-M-M...
OH, DARLING... OH, GOD!... OH YES!...
4

YOU'VE GOT TO GO NOW, KENNY.
NOT UNTIL YOU FEED ME.
HEY! WATERMELON AND PIZZA!
THERE'S LEMONADE IN THERE SOMEWHERE ...
LOOK! TURKEY!
GRAB THE PIE, WILL YOU?
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?
MAYBE GRANDPA'S HUNGRY TOO
SQUIL...
LOOK, DOLL! I'M MARIO ANDRETTI!
KENNY!
SQUIL...
SQUIL...
CRASH!
KENNY!
HA-HA! C'MON, MARY ANN--YOU TRY IT!
YOU LUNATIC!
5

KENNY! NO! NO!
CLEAR THE TRACKS!
EEEEEE!
EEEEEEE!
CRASH!
SHATTER!
HA-HA! HEY LOOK AT GRANDPA! HE'S GROWIN' HAIR!
HA-HA-HA!
OH, KENNY! HA-HA! WHAT A MESS!
LOOK OUT, GRAMPS! YER LOSIN' ALL YER MEATBALLS!
HA-HA! OH, KENNY! IT'S HYSTERICAL!
THE LATEST FALL FASHIONS!
6

AND LEST WE FORGET...
A LITTLE WHIPPED CREAM TO TOP IT OFF!
CARMEN MIRANDA!
HA-HA-HA!
SOME MUSIC, PROFESSOR!
CLIK!
OH, KENNY!... HA-HA!... IT'S... HA-HA... IT'S A RIOT! HAHA!
BOP BOP-A-DIDDY... BOP BOP-A-DOO ...
HERE, GRAMPS! HAVE A DRINK! LOOSEN UP! YA LOOK LIKE YA GOT A TWO-BY-FOUR UP YER BACK!
LOOK, AT THAT, GRAMPS! BET YOU NEVER SEEN A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD STRIPPIN' BEFORE, HAVE YA?
...OOOSHO-OBE-WAH! ...OOOSHO-OBE-OOO!
...POOOOB SHOOBE— OOF!
LOOK, OUT, HA-HA-HA!
HA-HA-HA-HA! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
AH AH AH AH!
AH AH AH AH!

WHAT THE HELL...
AH-AH-AH!
KENNY! HE'S...HE'S... OH MY GOD!
HEY...HEY, GRAMPS...
IT WAS JUST A JOKE, NOW! TAKE IT EAS--ERK!
KENNY!
WAIT! DON'T (CHOKE!) DON'T--
BLAGH!
EEEEEEEEEE!
NO! NO! OH MY, GOD!
...GLUBBLE... FLUB...
KCHIOK!
8

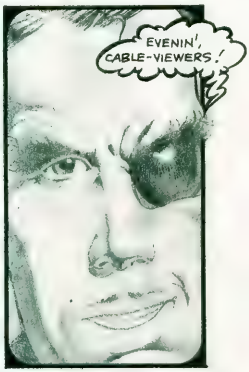
NOOOOO!
SQUEE SQUEE...
NO! NO! LET ME OUT! HELP!! SOMEBODY HELP!!
SQUEE... SQUE
THE PHONE!
OPERATOR! OPERATOR!
...OH DEAR GOD...
... PLEASE ... PLEASE ... I'LL DO ANYTHING! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
SQUEE
AGH!
OH, NO! OH GOD NO! NOT THAT!
SLRAP!
AAGGGGHHHHH!

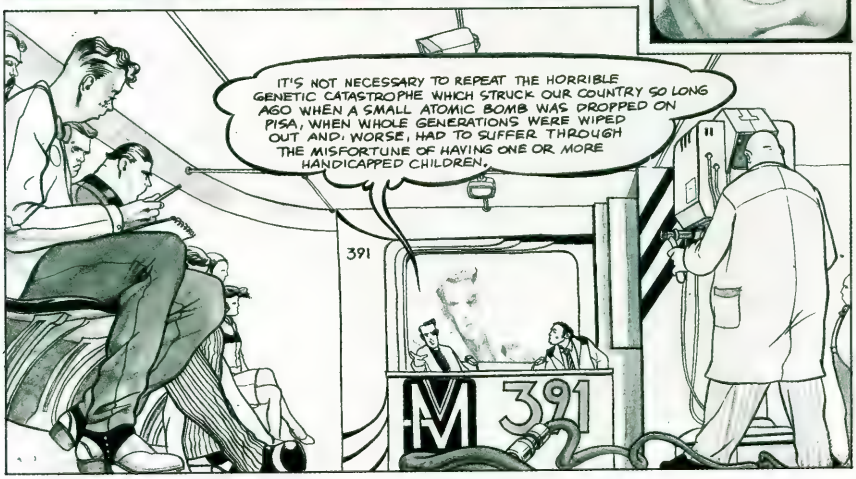
YOO-HOO! I'M HOME!
IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
YES MA'AM.
I COULDN'T GET THROUGH IT WITHOUT IT MRS. BARTLETT.
OH, HELLO, KENNY. BEEN HELPING MARY ANN WITH HER HOMEWORK?
THANK YOU AGAIN, MARY ANN. SEE YOU NEXT TIME!
POOR MR. BARTLETT. I FEEL SO SORRY FOR HIM.
YEAH. I WONDER WHAT A GUY LIKE THAT THINKS ABOUT ALL DAY...
...FIRST WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE BATHROOM... THEN WE'LL PLAY A NICE HAND OF SOLITAIRE TOGETHER... THEN I'LL READ TO YOU FOR AWHILE... THEN...
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
CHOP! CHOP!
HACK!
BLAM!
...AND THEN WE'LL SIT DOWN IN THE KITCHEN AND HAVE SOME NICE BUTTER-BRICKLE ICE CREAM... AND THEN...
END

BOLOLY FOLLY

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN MUTANTS! LIVE FROM THE STUDIOS OF "MONGOLOVISION PICTURES 391", THIS EVENING WE'LL BE BRINGING YOU AN INTERVIEW WITH THAT FAMOUS HUMANITARIAN HOWARD BOLOLY, INVENTOR OF THE "BLACK BOX", THAT MARVELOUS INVENTION WHICH HAS HELPED SO MANY UNFORTUNATES TO RE-ENTER SOCIETY. FOLLOWING THIS WE'LL BE SHOWING THE HORROR MOVIE "THREE MINUTES TO HELL" BY BRIAN DE PALMA. SIT BACK AND ENJOY YOURSELVES!

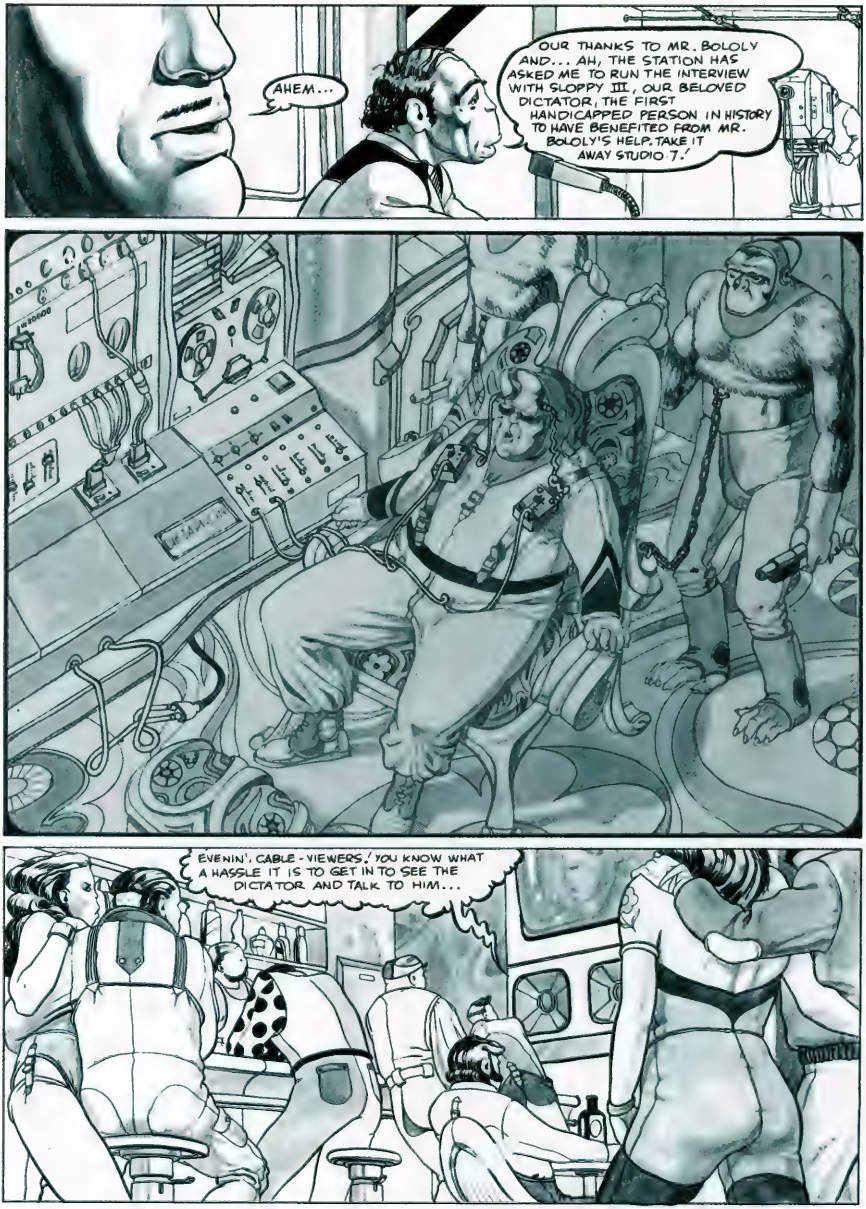
♫ DING RONG ♫ AND DON'T FORGET THIS PROGRAM IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY "WILDCOFFEE", THE COFFEE OF THE WILD WEST, SO JUST STAY HOME, DON'T OPEN THE DOOR TO ANYBODY AND HAVE A WILDCOFFEE.
♫ DING DONG ♫
WHAAA...
SHHH!

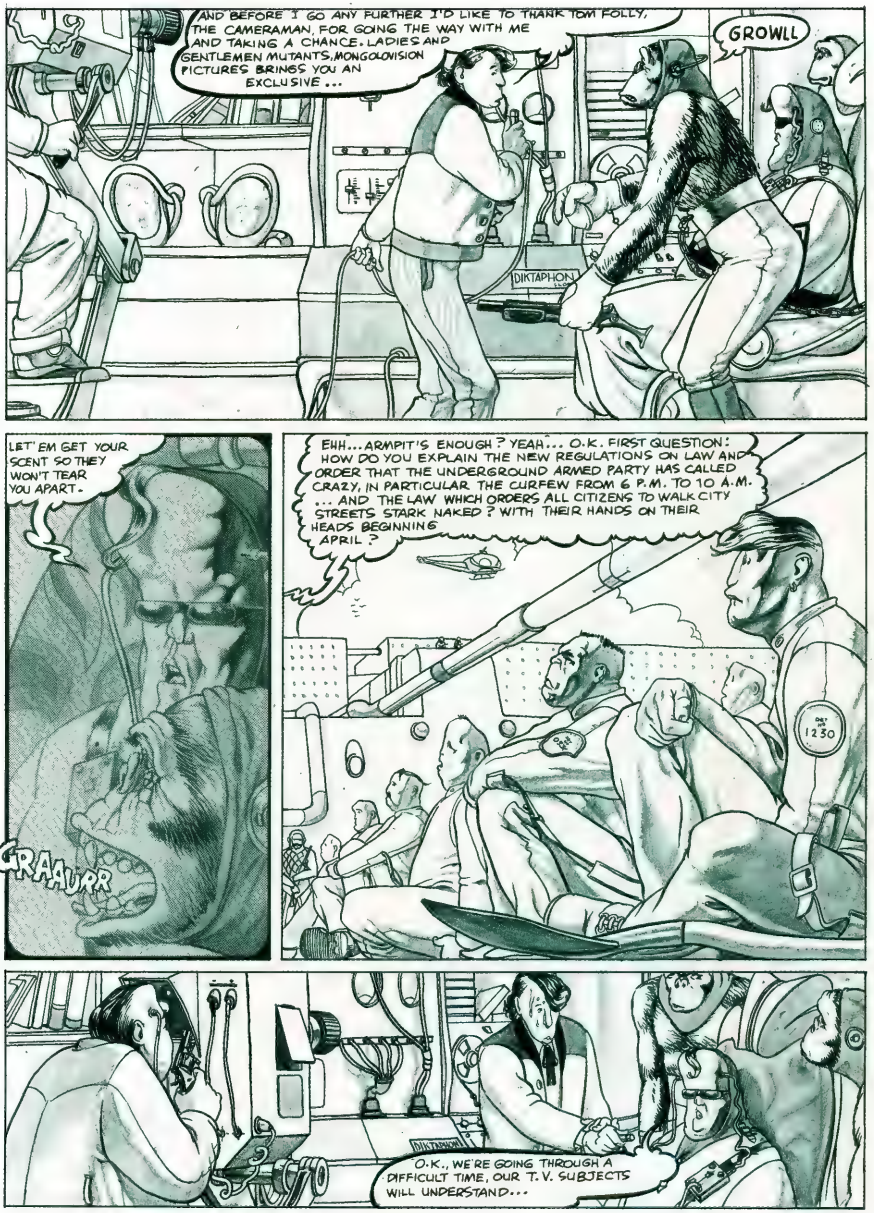



IT'S NOT NECESSARY TO REPEAT THE HORRIBLE GENETIC CATASTROPHE WHICH STRUCK OUR COUNTRY SO LONG AGO WHEN A SMALL ATOMIC BOMB WAS DROPPED ON PISA, WHEN WHOLE GENERATIONS WERE WIPED OUT AND, WORSE, HAD TO SUFFER THROUGH THE MISFORTUNE OF HAVING ONE OR MORE HANDICAPPED CHILDREN.
391
391

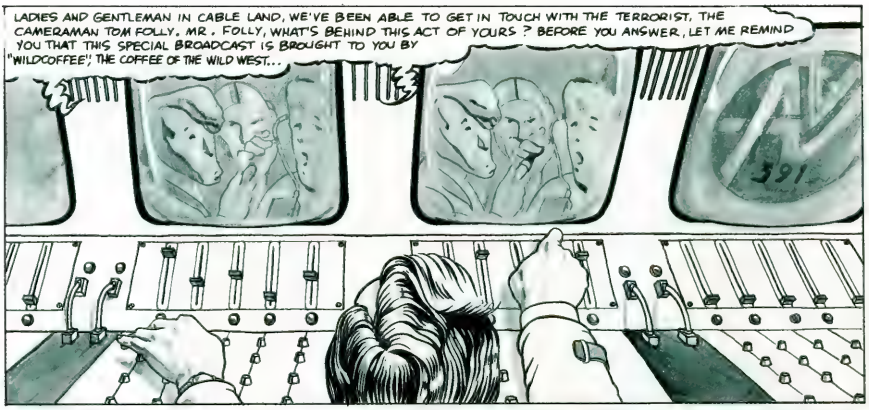
AFTER TEN YEARS OF RESEARCH, I'VE PERFECTED THIS MACHINE WHICH CAN BE DEFINED SIMPLY AS A "TAMER OF WILD CHROMOSOMES" AND EVERY WEEK, LIVE, I'M GOING TO PROVE HOW WELL IT WORKS...
BRING IN THE MONGOLOID, IGGY!
SAY HELLO, SIR...
SHH... FLLL... 'LO, SHWIRRR...
THERE NOW, I PLUG THE CORD INTO THE RECEPTACLE WHICH HAS BEEN INSERTED INTO THE HEAD THROUGH MINOR SURGERY...
GNEU.. EH?
SIR, I DON'T HAVE THE WORDS TO EXPRESS MY THANKS! YOU HAVE FREED ME FROM A PRISON OF PAIN.
O.K. O.K..: TAKE HIM AWAY, IGGY! AND NOW LET'S LOOK AT A FILM CLIP WHICH WILL SHOW SOME OF THE OTHER PRACTICAL USES OF THE MACHINE!
BY ELIMINATING SPEAKERS AND HEADPHONES, OUR YOUNGSTERS CAN PLUG THEIR BRAINS DIRECTLY INTO THEIR STEREOS AND GET PERSONALIZED, CLEARER AUDIO PLEASURE...
WITH THE "457 OPTION" CHANNEL, THEY CAN PLUG INTO COIN-OPERATED SHOCK-TREATMENT MACHINES...

OR INTO SOUND LIBRARIES OR GIANT-SCREEN VIDEO, OR PLAY ENDLESS VIDEO-GAME MATCHES! ALL THOSE ACTIVITIES WHICH STIMULATE THE BRAIN IN A POSITIVE WAY...
UNFORTUNATELY WE'VE ALSO LEARNED THAT SOME YOUNG PEOPLE ARE USING MY INVENTION ILLEGALLY.
THEY ABUSE THE MACHINE JUST LIKE HELL'S ANGELS DID WITH CYCLES IN THE 60'S, THEY'RE PLUGGING INTO IBM FILES IN SUPERMARKETS TO STEAL ELECTRONICALLY PROTECTED MERCHANDISE...
OR THEY PLUG INTO ANTI-THEFT ALARMS IN CARS TO STOP THEM FROM GOING OFF.
MONOLITT BUILDING
OIL


AHEM...
OUR THANKS TO MR. BOLOLY AND... AH, THE STATION HAS ASKED ME TO RUN THE INTERVIEW WITH SLOPPY III, OUR BELOVED DICTATOR, THE FIRST HANDICAPPED PERSON IN HISTORY TO HAVE BENEFITED FROM MR. BOLOLY'S HELP. TAKE IT AWAY STUDIO 7.'
EVENIN', CABLE-VIEWERS. YOU KNOW WHAT A HASSLE IT IS TO GET IN TO SEE THE DICTATOR AND TALK TO HIM...


AND BEFORE I GO ANY FURTHER I'D LIKE TO THANK TOM FOLLY, THE CAMERAMAN, FOR GOING THE WAY WITH ME AND TAKING A CHANCE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN MUTANTS, MONGOLOVISION PICTURES BRINGS YOU AN EXCLUSIVE ...
GROWLL
DIKTAPHON
LET' EM GET YOUR SCENT SO THEY WON'T TEAR YOU APART-
GRAAURR
EHH... ARMPIT'S ENOUGH? YEAH... O.K. FIRST QUESTION: HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE NEW REGULATIONS ON LAW AND ORDER THAT THE UNDERGROUND ARMED PARTY HAS CALLED CRAZY, IN PARTICULAR THE CURFEW FROM 6 P.M. TO 10 A.M. ... AND THE LAW WHICH ORDERS ALL CITIZENS TO WALK CITY STREETS STARK NAKED? WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEADS BEGINNING APRIL?
DIKTAPHON
O.K., WE'RE GOING THROUGH A DIFFICULT TIME, OUR T.V. SUBJECTS WILL UNDERSTAND...

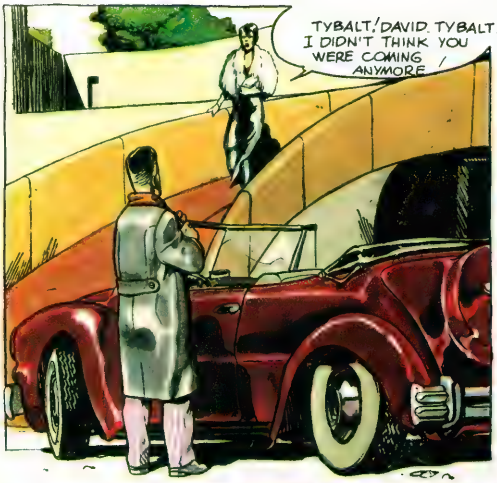
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
MTV
THE INTERVIEW IS OVER, DICTATOR SLOPPY!
HOW... HOW'S IT HAPPENING? EVERYBODY'S BEEN SEARCHED!
AN ASSASSINATION!
BW...UAAAZ..
EEEEEEEEEEEEE
HE'S DEAD...
SHIT! HE HAD A GUN HIDDEN IN HIS CAMERA!


LADIES AND GENTLEMAN IN CABLE LAND, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE TERRORIST, THE CAMERAMAN TOM FOLLY. MR. FOLLY, WHAT'S BEHIND THIS ACT OF YOURS ? BEFORE YOU ANSWER, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT THIS SPECIAL BROADCAST IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY "WILDCOFFEE", THE COFFEE OF THE WILD WEST...
391

...OF THE WILD WEST, SO JUST STAY... HEY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MR. FOLLY ?

WATCH OUT FOR HOT FLASHES

TELEGRAM, MR. TYBALT!
HEY, IT'S FROM VIRGINIA ROZAKI ...AN INVITATION TO HER PLACE... TO SHOOT SOME PICTURES. WONDER WHAT'S GOING THROUGH HER HEAD?
WHO IS THIS VIRGINIA ... ERRR... ROSA ...WHO...
ROZAKI!... SHE'S JUST THE HOTTEST FASHION MODEL IN THE LAST EIGHT OR NINE YEARS ... A REAL STAR!
I WAS THE ONE WHO GAVE HER A START, WITH A FEW OTHER GUYS IN THE BUSINESS... TODAY ANYBODY'D GIVE THEIR RIGHT ARM FOR A MODELING SESSION WITH HER!
ANYWAY, SHE'S GOT A MEMORY! A RARE THING IN THIS BUSINESS!


TYBALT! DAVID TYBALT! I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE COMING ANYMORE

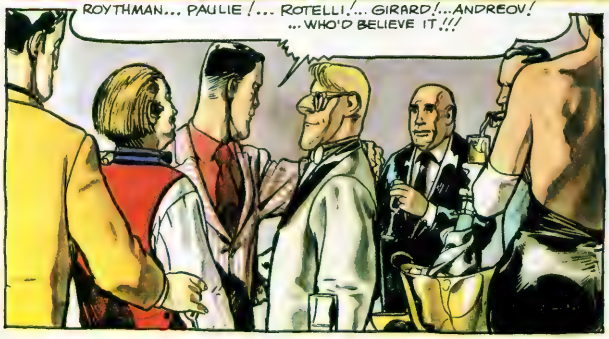
STILL THE SAME... WITH A FEW MORE CROW'S FEET... HMM, GIVES YOU THAT DISTINGUISHED LOOK.
MISS ROZAKI! THE MUSE OF THE SHUTTER... YOU ARE FABULOUS!...

I'M MARRIED, YOU KNOW... AND MY WIFE ISN'T VERY HOT ABOUT THIS WEEKEND FACE TO FACE WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE ON THE CONTINENT!

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BEING FACE TO FACE ALONE! LET'S GO INSIDE!

SURPRISE?

TYBALT, OLD CHUM!
LOOK AT HIM, STILL GOT THOSE MOVIE-STAR LOOKS!


ROYTHMAN... PAULIE!... ROTELLI!... GIRARD!... ANDREOV! ... WHO'D BELIEVE IT!!!

SHE'S FABULOUS, HUH! YOU'D THINK WE'D GONE BACK IN TIME EIGHT YEARS!
CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY SHE'S DOING ALL THIS FOR US FOR FREE!
CLIK!
IT'S WHAT'S CALLED GRATITUDE.
CLIK!
CLIK!
COME QUICK! GOOD GOD! PAULIE!!
OH! GOD!
WE'VE GOT TO CALL THE POLICE!
THE LINE! IT'S DEAD!

OH, THAT HAPPENS A LOT; IT'LL BE WORKING AGAIN IN AN HOUR OR SO...
THIS IS AWFUL... WHAT DO YOU THINK COULD HAVE MADE HIM DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT.'
LET'S FORGET IT FOR A WHILE... THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.'
WE'LL TAKE SOME MORE SHOTS THIS EVENING... SO YOU HAVEN'T COME HERE FOR NOTHING!..
?!
BROOOM

IT'S ROTELLI'S CAR
OH, GOD!... HE'S INSIDE!
VIRGINIA, DID YOU HER THAT EXPLOSION? WHAT WAS IT?
WHAT?
THREE DEAD... ONLY THREE MORE TO GO!
COME ON, NOTHING LEFT TO DO HERE! THIS TIME WE'VE GOT TO GO GET THE COPS!

YAARRKHH!!!
?

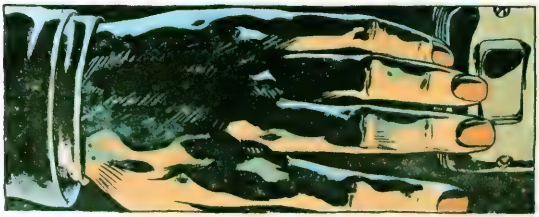
AAA

LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

ROYTHMAN, NO!! WE'VE GOT TO STAY TOGETHER!

UGGHH...
STOK

LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!... BACK IN THE HOUSE!



WHERE'S THE LIGHT HERE?! WE'VE GOT TO WARN VIRGINIA!
WAIT, YOU'D BETTER...

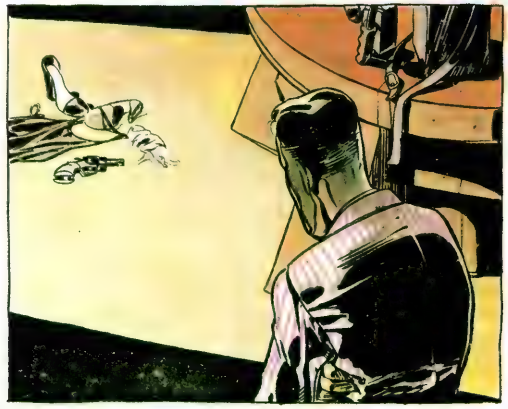
ARRHHHH!!!

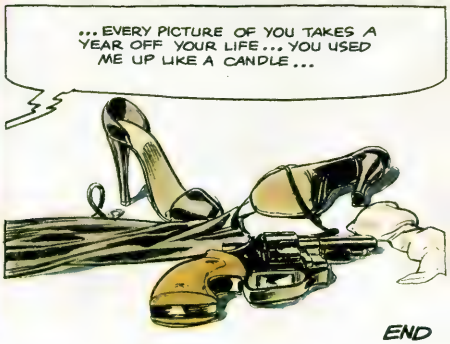
LAST ONE DEAD... NO MORE LEFT!

YOU...YOU KILLED THEM!
YOU STOLE MY LIFE, I'M TAKING YOURS, SIMPLE!
STOLE YOUR...WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
AN ARAB, AN OLD ARAB TOLD ME ABOUT IT... EVERY PICTURE OF YOU TAKES A YEAR OFF YOUR LIFE, SO DAY BY DAY YOU ALL USED ME UP LIKE A CANDLE, NOW I'M GOING OUT... PUFF!...
LOOK...YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! THOSE ARE OLD-WIVES TALES!
NO!!!

K-POW!!

NOOO!!




...EVERY PICTURE OF YOU TAKES A YEAR OFF YOUR LIFE... YOU USED ME UP LIKE A CANDLE...

END

TI AMO E TI
IAMO

THE F.B.I. CHIEF YESTERDAY DURING A PRESS CONFERENCE SHOWED HOW A NEW WEAPON AGAINST TERRORISM WORKED... IT WORKS ON THE PRINCIPLE OF A PSYCHIC PROBE WHICH TURNS ALL SUBVERSIVE THOUGHT IN TO ELECTRICAL IMPULSES... THIS IMPRESSIVE GERMAN-MADE MACHINE MACHINE HAS BEEN SET UP AT STRATEGIC POINTS THROUGHOUT THE CITY ON TOWERS EQUIPPED WITH MACHINE GUNS WITH A RANGE OF 20 YARDS. THE ORIGINAL MODEL HAS A DEFECT: IT IS TOO RIGID IN ITS INTERPRETATION OF THE DATA; THE ITALIANS SOLVED THE PROBLEM BY DIRECTING THE PROBE INTO THE BRAIN OF A POLICEMAN, WELDE TO A MACHINE GUN. WE ADVISE GETTING NO CLOSER TO THE TOWERS THAN 30 YARDS...
TAMOTTI!
HEY... LET'S GO! THE I.B.M. TERMINAL ON CAMPUS IS JUST WAITING FOR US! WITH THE TWO PROGRAM LEVELS WE'VE WORKED OUT AFTER A MONTH'S PROGRAMMING WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEFLECT THE PROBE...
THE COP CAN'T SHOOT US BY HIMSELF EVEN IF HE SEES US PLANT A BOMB BECAUSE THE ORDER TO SHOOT COMES FROM THE PROVE... THE COP'S JUST A TOOL...

HEY.. AIN'T YOU GOT THE SHIT?
GO ON, LOU, YA GOT THE FUSES?
THE GOLD IS FIFTEEN A NICKLE!
O.K., TWO NICKLES... GOT ANY PAPERS?
THE PROBE CAN'T TELL FROM BULLSHIT AND EVERYDAY CRAP WITH ALL THAT'S CRAMMED INSIDE OUR BRAINS...
HMMM... IF WE KEEP THAT IN MIND, WE'LL GET 'EM BOTH, PROBE AND COPS...
CLICK! WHAT'S THAT JUVENTUS BITCH UP TO? MY RADIO STOPPED WORKING THREE MONTHS AGO... OVER... CLICK! SHE'S LOSING, SHE'S LOSING THREE TO NOTHING... OVER, BEBERT... CLICK... FUCKIN' SHIT!...
HMM
WATCH IT! WE'RE WITHIN RANGE OF THE PROBES!

AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT NO ONE'S AROUND...
TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR...
I HOPE BRONCO ISN'T GONNA CRACK!
ES PRECISO QUE LLEGUEMOS A LA FRONTERA ANTES...
TWENTY-FIVE YARDS!
...FUCKIN' A... OBLADI OBLADA
...SO THAT'S HOW SHE'S DROPPIN' ME...
ALL AROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH THE MONKEY CHASED...
OPTALIDON HAS BALLS! I LIKE THAT...
DEL ANOCHECER TENDREMOS QUE HALLARLE DONDE QUIERA SE HAYA OCULTADO.
TWENTY YARDS
NO SHE DIGS THAT CRAP-HEAD MORON
OBLADI OBLADA ...THIS SHIT IS GREAT!
BRONCO STILL NEEDS HIS MOMMY TO WIPE HIS BUTT... ASSHOLE!
OH! THE COPS! THE SHIT-HEADS!
ES DUDOSO QUE ESTE ACTOR SEA CAPAZ DE DESEMPEÑAR UN PAPEL TAN IMPORTANTE...
FIFTEEN YARDS...
I'M THE ASHOLE! GETTIN' MYSELF INVOLVED IN THIS CRAP JUST FOR...
GOO-GOO EYES FROM SOME BITCH WHORE...
CLIK! FOUR TO ZERO, BEBERT... OVER.
FUCK!

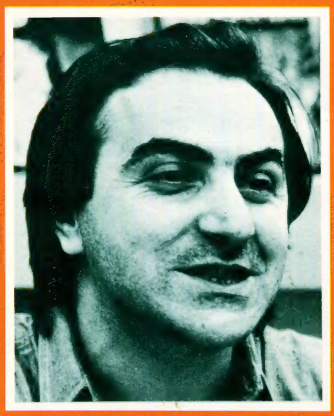
JUST TO THINK IT WAS ME INTRODUCED THEM TO THE EDITORS OF "REVOLONELY", THE MOVEMENT'S LONELY-HEARTS MAGAZINE, WHERE I'M THE LAYOUT GUY...
FUCKIN' ASSHOLES! THOSE TWO WERE FUCKING LIKE RABBITS JUST TWO FEET AWAY FROM ME ALL NIGHT... AW, THE TOWERS... SHIT! WHAT THE HELL AM I DOIN' HELPING THESE TWO TO BLOW UP THE SCHOOL...
RATTATTATTATTATTATTA
THE MANG
THEY KILLED BRONCO! HELL, IT DOESN'T WORK! OPTALIDON, FUCKIN' BASTARD! THEY KILLED BRONCO! YOU GO IN THERE ALONE AND PLANT THE BOMB ...
RATTATTATTATTATTATTATTA
OH, FUCK!!

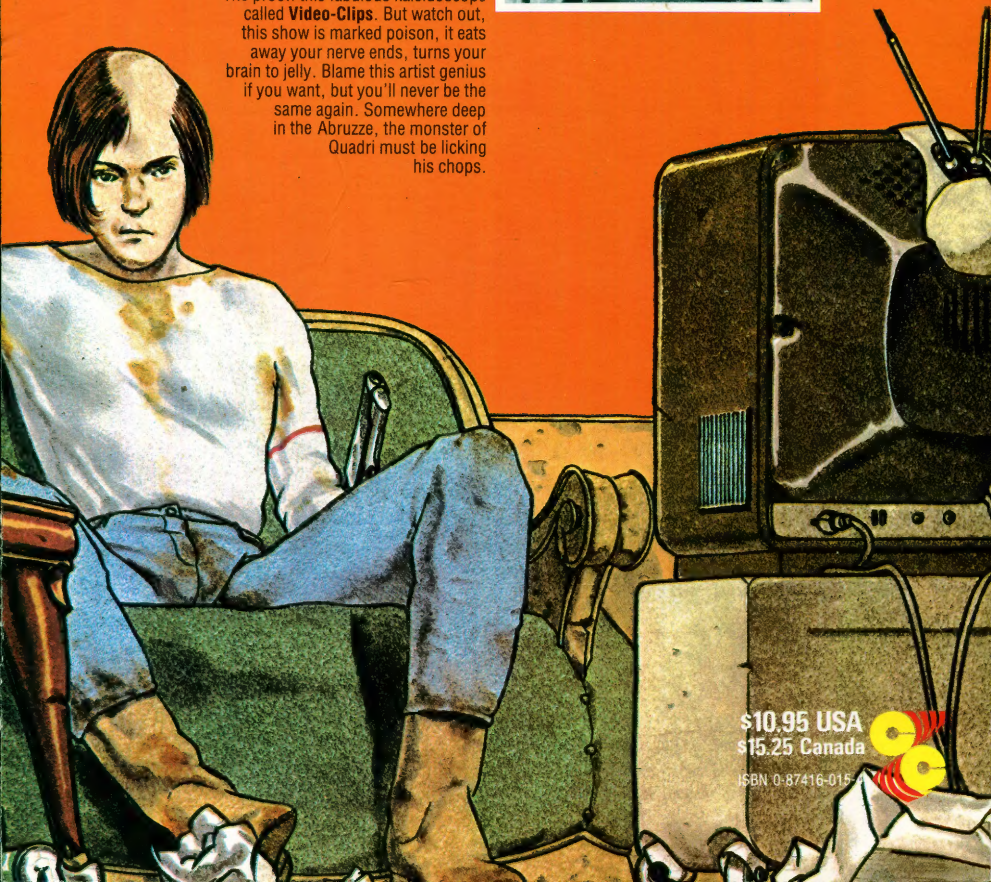
TIAMO
TI 4MO
TIAMOTI!
4AMO
TIAMOETTI
IAMOO

THINK OF SOMETHING SUBVERSIVE, PRETTY PLEASE ... YA LITTLE SHIT!!
ETTIAMOETTI AAAMO...
IN 5 MINUTES.
TIC TAC TIC TAC
KABOOM

TIAMOETTI MMM...
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK HARD ABOUT YOU SHOOTING AT EACH OTHER FOR IT TO WORK, RIGHT?
RATTATTAT-TATTATTAT
YEAH!
TAMBURINI LIBERATORE
IS UMBERTO TOZZI A FELLOW TRAVELER? WHY NOT?
THE END

What THING was bent over little Gaetano Liberatore's crib that April day in 1953? Papa Liberatore has never been able to figure it out, although he suspects that there was some satanic being stomping its cloven hoof around Quadri that day. Whatever, little Liberatore turned out bad. They hoped he'd become a doctor; instead he picked a pencil instead of a scalpel. Already he'd shot all society's upstanding values and culture to hell by the age of 26 when he created **Ranxerox**. Liberatore made us age faster. He debunked and smashed all our idols. But Liberatore wasn't finished yet, no, no way he'd let go of us yet, because Liberatore wants our hides. The proof: this fabulous kaleidoscope called **Video-Clips**. But watch out, this show is marked poison, it eats away your nerve ends, turns your brain to jelly. Blame this artist genius if you want, but you'll never be the same again. Somewhere deep in the Abruzze, the monster of Quadri must be licking his chops.





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